

Licensed,

November 27. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

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POEMS.

BY N. TATE.

LONDON,

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*Gift of
Frank G. Thomson
of Philadelphia*

To The
LEARNED and much HONOURED
Dr. Walter Needham
OF
Charter - House.

A Dedication (according to the present Mode) must be an Harrangue on the Accomplishments of the Person to whom it is Address; But, Sir, though your general Acquaintance with the Sciences, and
A 3 your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your happy Performances in the most
usefull of them, invite me (on the first
View) to embrace so excellent a
Theam; yet when I reflect how that
on this occasion no Rhetorick can be
Pardonable that is not Extraordinary;
and when I farther Consider how
well your Excellencies are known to
the World, I find that my best En-
deavours can prove but an Imperti-
nent Zeal. Besides, Sir, had I been
able to do Justice to your worth and
Fame, yet I have Reason to believe,
that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that my Silence on that Subject would with you find better Welcome, than the most Elaborate Panegyrick. As for the following Poems (which I have publisht on Reasons Satisfactory to my self, and my Friends) they are Fortunate enough, in having first been Pardon'd, and then receiv'd into your Favour. 'Twere Injury to the Publick to Intrude on those portions of your time that are employ'd in the Health of your Countrey; but if the best pro-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ducts of my humble Fancy may have
Access to your Leisure Hours, 'tis
the highest Ambition of,

SIR,

Your devoted

humble Servant,

N. TATE.

THE

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ERRATA.

ERRATA.

PAGE 68 line 8. for *Daisie's store* read *Dairies store*, p.
70. l. 5. for *yields* r. *yield*. p. 71. l. 7. for *sink* r. *sinks*.
p. 74. l. 3. for *are restrain'd* r. *are now restrain'd*. p. 89. l.
14. for *Egyptian* r. *i' Egyptian*. p. 91. l. 19. for *springs in*
t. springs not in.

P O E M S.

The Indispos'd.

I.

WHat tho th'unweary'd Sun
 Already has his Race begun?
 Already summon'd to their *Pleasant Toyl*
 Th'Inhabitants o'th' open Soyle?
 What *Comfort* in his *Lustre* can I find,
 If yet no cheerful Glimpse begin
 A *Glorious Morn Within*,
 But *Mists and Darkness* still oppress my *Mind*?

B

II. What

II.

What Entertainment can it be
 To hear the Tunefull Birds from ev'ry Tree,
 With Grateful Songs the rising Day salute,
 Unless my *Fancy* with the *Musick* suit?
 If in my *Thoughts* I find no *Harmony*,
 I shall (Alas!) as soon Rejoyce
 At th'Ominous *Ravens* dolefull Voyce;
 Or be diverted with the *Bell*,
 That Rings *my Own*, or *dearer Friends* untimely
(Knell.

III.

Whilst in my *Breast* the *Weather's Fair*,
 I ne're enquire the Temper of the *Air*:
 So *Reason* o're my *Appetites* bear sway,
 I'm unconcern'd what *Planet* Rules the Day.

If

POEMS:

3

If hush'd and silent my fierce *Passions* lye,
The loudest Gusts that rend the Sky,
Invite *Repose*, and make my *Sleep* more sound:
The *Tempest* in my *Breast*
Alone can break my *Rest*;
Ev'n *Hurricanes* abroad are found
To Damage less than smallest Winds hatcht *Un-*
(*der-ground.*

B 2

On

*On a Diseased Old Man, who Wept at
thought of leaving the World.*

I.

(dread !

Shame on thy Beard ! That thou canst *Bug-bears*
 Fear *Death* whom thou so oft hast seen,
 So oft his *Guest* at Funerals been ;
 Thy self 'ith' *Better Half* already *Dead* !
 'Tis strange to see that *Frozen Head*
 Such Plenteous *Moisture* shed ;
 Whence can this Stream be fed ?
 The Tears were just, which at thy *Birth* did flow,
 For then *Alas* ! thou had'st t'engage
Life's Inconveniences, but now
 Thou art allow'd to quit the *Tragick Stage*,

Now

Now to be careful to prolong the Scene
 And Act thy Miseries o're agen,
 Is *Folly* not to be forgiv'n in ev'n thy *Doating*
 (Age.

II.

Full Fourscore Years (*Bless us ! a dreadful Space*)
 The World has us'd Thee ill,
 Abus'd Thee to Thy Face,
 And Doatard canst Thou still
 Sollicite her Embrace ?
 In vain Thou covet'st to enjoy
 This *haughty Dame*, when Age and Pains
 Have shrunk thy Nerves, and chill'd thy Veins,
 Who to thy *Flourishing Years*, was so Reserv'd and
 (Coy.

III.

Can *Cramps, Catharrs, and Palsies* be
 Such ravishing Company,
 That thou shou'd'st mourn the Loss of their Society?
 What Pleasures can the Grave deprive
 Thy Senses of? What Inconvenience give,
 Which Thou'rt exempted from *Alive*?
 At worst thou canst but have
 Cold Lodging in the Grave;
 Nor ly'st thou *Warmer* now tho cover'd o're
 In *Furr*, till thy faint Limbs can bear no more:
 Thou sleep'st each Night in so much *sear-cloth*
 bound,
 Thou'd'st need no more wert thou to take thy Lodg-
 ing *Under-ground*.

Go,

IV.

Go; lay thy friv'lous Hopes of Health aside;

No longer *Potions* take,

No more *Incisions* make,

Let thy *dull Flesh* no more be *Scarify'd*:

Resign, resign thy *Fated Breath*,

Consult with no *Physitian* more, but *Death*:

When all thy *Surgeons* Instruments prove vain,

His never-failing *Dart*

Will Bleed thee gently at thy *Heart*,

And let out *Life*, the Source of all thy Pain?

Let then thy *Funeral Pile* be made,

With *Rosemary* and *Cypress* grac't,

Aloft on it thy *Carcafs* plac't;

Beside thee there thy *Crutches* laid:

Those *Ustensils* will thus oblige thee more,

Fomenting the kind Flame, then when they bore

Thy Crazy and Decrepit Limbs before!

T O

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*

O N H I S

Excellent P O E M S.

* S T r a n g e M a g i c k o f t h y W i t a n d S t i l e
 W h i c h t o t h e i r g r i e f s m a n k i n d c a n R e c o n c i l e !
 W h i l s t t h y *Philander's* t u n e f u l V o i c e w e h e a r,
 C o n d o l i n g o u r D i s a s t r o u s s t a t e,
 T o u c h t w i t h a s e n s e o f o u r h a r d F a t e,
 W e s i g h p e r h a p s, o r d r o p a T e a r;
 B u t h e t h e m o u r n f u l S o n g s o s w e e t l y s i n g s,
 T h a t m o r e o f P l e a s u r e t h a n R e g r e t i t b r i n g s,
 W i t h s u c h *becoming Grief*
 T h e *Trojan* C h i e f
 Troy's C o n f l a g r a t i o n d d r e l a t e,
 W h i l s t e v ' n t h e *Sufferers* i n t h e F i r e d r e w n e a r,
 A n d w i t h a g r e e d y E a r
 D e v o u r ' d t h e s t o r y o f t h e i r o w n s u b v e r t e d s t a t e.

II. Kind

POEMS.

9

II.

Kind Heav'n (as to her *darling* Son) to Thee

A double Portion did impart,

A Gift of Painting and of Poësie :

But for thy Rivals in the Painters Art,

If well they *Represent*, thy can effect

No more, nor can we more expect.

But more than this *Thy* happy Pencils give ;

Thy Drafts are more than Representative ;

For, if we'll credit our own eyes, they *Live* !

Ah ! Worthy Friend, cou'dst Thou maintain the
State

Of what with so much Ease thou do'st Create,

We might reflect on Death with Scorn !

But Pictures like th'Originals decay !

Of Colours Those consist, and These of Clay,

Alike Compos'd of *Dust*, to *Dust* alike Return !

III. Yet

III.

Yet 'tis our Happiness to see
 Oblivion, Death, and adverse Destiny
 Encounter'd, Vanquish'd, and Disarm'd by thee.

For if thy Pencils fail,

Change thy *Artillery*,

And Thou'rt secure of Victory;

Employ thy *Quill*, and thou shalt still prevail.

The grand Destroyer greedy Time reveres

Thy *Fancy's Imag'ry*, and spares

The meanest things that bear

Th' Impression of thy Pen:

Tho' coarse and cheap their Natural *Metal* were,
Stamp'd with thy *Verse*, he knows th'are sacred, then.

He knows them by that *Character* to be
Predestinate, and set apart for *Immortality*.

IV.

If native Lustre in thy Theams appear,
Improv'd by thee, it shines more clear:
Or if thy Subject's void of native Light,
Thy Fancy need but dart a Beam
To guild thy Theam,
And make the *rude Mass* beautiful and bright,
Thou vary'st oft thy Strains, but still
Success attends each Strain:
Thy Verse is alwayes lofty as the Hill,
Or pleasant as the Plain.
How well thy Muse the *Pastoral Song* improves!
Whose *Nymphs* and *Swains* are in their *Loves*,
As Innocent, and yet as Kind as *Doves*.
But most She moves our Wonder and Delight,
When She performs her loose *Pindarick Flight*;

Oft to their outmost reach She will extend
 Her tousing VVings to soar on high,
 And then by just Degrees descend :
 Oft in a swift strait Course she glides,
 Obliquely oft the air divides,
 And oft with wanton Play hangs hov'ring in the sky.

V.

VVhilst sense of Duty into my artless Muse,
 Th' ambition wou'd infuse
 To mingle with those *Nymphs* that Homage pay,
 And wait on Thine in her *triumphant Way* ;
 Defect of Merit checks her forward Pride,
 And makes her dread t'approach thy Chariot side ;
 For 'twere at least a rude Indecency
 (If not *Prophane*) t'appear
 At this *Solemnity*,
 Crown'd with no *Lawrel Wreath* (when others are.)

But

POEMS.

13

But this she will presume to do,
At *distance* to attend the *show*,
Officiously to gather up
The *scatter'd Bayes*, if any drop
From others *Temples*, and with those,
A plain *Plebeian Coronet* compose.
This, as your *Livery*, she'd wear, to hide
Her *Nakedness*, not gratifie her *Pride*!
Such was the *Verdant dress*,
Which the *offending Pair* did frame
Of *platted Leaves*, not to express
Their *Pride* i'th' *Novel-garb*, but to *conceal their*
Shame.

ON

ON THE
Present Corrupted State
OF

P O E T R Y,

I.

WRite thy *own Elegy* Apostate Art,
Thou Angel once of Light;
But, since thy Fall, a Fiend of Night,
Mankind endeav'ring to pervert.
At first, to th'Altars Service thou wert bound,
With *Innocence* instead of *Lawrel* Crown'd;
Anthems and *Hallelujah's* only did'st resound:
But now, forgetful of thy high Descent,
meanly thou labour'st to foment

The

The Vanity and Vices of the Age;
Flatt'ring in Courts, and *Rev'ling* on the Stage.
 That *Poesie*, that did at first inspire
 Devotion and Seraphick Fire,
 Degenerate now her Art imploy's
 In Recommending *Sensual Foyes*;
 Bawd-like, contriving to excite
 The wasted Letcher's Appetite; (Desire.
 And with *forc'd Heat* sustain *Love's* languishing

II.

The wisest and most potent Kings of Old,
 did not disdain
 To leave their Royal Names Enroll'd,
 With those of the Poetick Train:
 They reapt more durable Renown
 From *Writing well*,
 Then when they did in *Arms* excell: (*Crown*.
 They priz'd their *Poets Wreath* above their *Prince's*
 But

But then the Celebrated *Nine*,
 Pious as *Sybils*, Chast as *Vestals* were,
 The *Graces* were not more Divine;
 But now Deform'd, and Bloated they appear,
Nymphs sustain'd, no Change so fowl,
 Transform'd into a glaring Owl;
 Or when th' *Audacious King* a New-made Wolf did
 (Houl.

III.

In Ages past, when Vertue was allow'd,
 The Dignity of *Verse* was Understood:
 'Twas then employ'd t'embalm some VVorthy's
 (Name:
 Nought then cou'd purchase Elogies but Fame.
 But Poetry now is *Mercenary* grown.
Encomiums she'll bestow
 On Potentates, by their high Rank alone,
 And singular Vices *infamously* known;
 For,

For, if no Paint or Varnish can disguise
 Their gross Enormities,
 Audaciously the'll Praise their Vices too!
 Thus none more largely share in her Applause;
 Than some grand Martherer o'th' Field,
 That boasts of Myriads kill'd,
 Regardless of the Justice of his Cause.

If to Destroy can challenge Fame,
Famines and *Plagues* the largest Trophies claim;
 But these the Muses *Peccadillo's* are,
 And cannot with their blacker Crimes compare:
 Long since they were *Immodest* grown, and *Vain*;
 But are (Oh! Heav'n) at last become *Profane*!
 Atheism and Blasphemy have dar'd to Preach,
 Religion of Imposture to impeach;
 Stiffling that *Zeal*, which first Themselves to the
 (rude World did Teach.

IV.

Time was when Pious Bards might safely Dream
 By *Helicon*, or fair *Pirene's* Stream;

C

And

And fly their towering Wit at some Cæstrial
(Theam :

But now, with *Leoprom Fancies* bathing there,

Those Springs so infamous are grown,

Chast Souls fear to approach the *Muses Air* ;

And sacred Theams the *Pdyson'd Waters* shun.

Nor has Heav'ns just Revenge regardless view'd,

Th' Enormities

Of these Apostate Votaries ;

But them and their *Confed'rates* too, with signal

(Rage pursu'd.

A constant Curse of *Poverty* attends

Th' Unfortunate Man, whom any *Muse* befriends.

All who in this deluding Art engage,

Set out with Pleasure, drooping reach their Stage ;

Frollick in *Youth*, and *Male-content* in *Age* !

Thus (neer Learn'd *Cam's* fair Current Pensive

(laid)

Th' Ill-treated *Cowley* did his *Muse* upbraid :

Ah ! who'd Credit that Surveys,

Th'A-

Th' Amours and Dalliance of their Youthful
(Dayes ?

That ere this Peaceful Bard, and gentle Muse,
Cou'd *Bicker* thus, and *mutually* accuse ?

So, whil'st some *seeming* Happy Pair
(who *Hymens* Fetters wear)

In Publick Fond as Turtles are,
Th'*Unwed* with Envy their Caresses View

But Ah ! What wou'd they do,
If (as they see their *open Loves*) their *private Feuds*
They knew ?

The Search.

I.

COnfess Ingenuously O Man,
The Uphot of thy Toyl and Pain,
The Product of thy Brain;
Since first thy *buissie* Race began.

Canst thou produce one Evidence,
 Or plausible Pretence,
 Thy boasted *Reason* to Evince?
 Yes — Gradually each Age has been Refin'd
 By the important Labours of Man-kind;
 The Labours of their Hand, and of their Mind,
 Ev'n Wilye *Nature*, with her *Protean* Shapes,
 Rarely from their Inquisitive Search escapes;
 Long she Resists; but strictly prest,
 Relinquish th' *Arcanas* of her Brest.

Bold Mortals Rob with Ease
 Her Richest Coffers, be they laid
 Deep i'th' Recesses of profoundest *Seas*,
 Or to the Caverns of the *Earth* convey'd;
 For rather than live *Poor*,
 They'll dive in quest of Gemms that sleep
 On Beds of Rock beneath the Deep,
 And Travel *Under-ground* for Golden-Oar.

I L.

Enough! — If we'll lay claim,

From

POEMS:

21

From these Performances, to Fame,
Where will the Catalogue of our Praises end?
For, thousand Instances beside
Will vindicate our Pride,
And still the Tryumphs of our *Wis* extend.
Such are the Conquests which we daily gain
On Learnings *Undiscover'd* Parts:
Our active Fancies still Create New Arts;
Or, what is more,
Ev'n from the *Dead* Restore
Arts, that in Ages Past have buri'd lain.
And yet 'tis fear'd, there's Reason to suspect
Our *Glorie's* Weight will fail,
And Vanity prove the *Heavier* Scale;
Impartially if we Reflect,
We shall perceive there's wanting yet
The *Richest Crown* our Tirumphs to Compleat;
In vain we boast *Discoveries*,
Whil'st we Return without the *Master Prize*;
The *Art of Happiness* still Undiscover'd lyes.

III.

Oh Happiness! (if Happiness be ought
Beside a wild *Chimera* in the Thought)

To what close Nook art Thou confin'd?

What distant Continent or Isle,

That thou canst still beguile

The restless Scrutiny of all *Man-kind*!

Ev'n in this Vale of Misery,

Some Rivulets of Bliss we tast;

But Riv'lets almost *Dry*, (they pass.

And tainted with th'*Unsavory Grounds* through which

Ah! that some friendly Seraph wou'd convey,

Or point me out the Way

To those glad Lands, where Happiness flows *pure*;

Where I might drink secure

At Pleasure's *Fountain-Head*;

No Surfeit wou'd I dread,

But quaff the Cordial Flood;

Till mingling with my Blood,

And *circ'ling* through each Part,

It

It should like *Balsam* ease my Smart;
Like *Nectar*, Cherish my dejected Heart!

IV.

In *various Ways* deluded Mortals Toil,
All busi'd Pch' Discovery of *Content*:

This is the *Game* we All pursue,
But Hunt it still on a *cold Scent*;

The wary Prey nere comes in view,
But *sculks* Aloof, and leaves us at a *Foil*.
Yet where's the disappointed Man will say,

He now *despairs* of being Blest;
For tho at present unpossess'd

Of his dear Hope, He's yet in a fair Way:
And now his Project wants but carrying on

as 'tis *Begun*,

And then th'important Task is done:

Done, say'st thou Credulous Man?

Yes! So the *Babel* Builders heretofore,
Raising to Heav'n their proud Tow'rs, lackt no more
Than *carrying on the Work as they Began*.

But, grant thy Years of *Drudgery* were past,
 'Tis odds but thou'rt impos'd upon at last:
 Thou like the *Syrian* Husband-man of Old,
 Conceiv'st thy self to hold
 The Beautious *Rachell* fast in thy Embrace,
 Yet (tho th'Imposture last a Night)
 Be sure the next returning Light
 Shall fright thee with an unexpected Face,
 When thou behold'st a *Blear-Ey'd Leab* in thy *Ra-*
chell's Place.

The Prospect.

FROM a tall *Præcipice* on the Sea-side,
 A Rev'rend *Hermite* view'd the spreading Tide:
 The Flood was curl'd with a becoming Wave;
 But no Præfage of rising Tempests gave.
 A goodly Ship was coasting by the Place,
 Like a proud Courser *foaming* in her Pace:

With

With flatt'ring Courtship, the Lascivious Gails
Her Streamers curl'd, and wanton'd in her Sails.
The Waves divide to give the *Pageant* way ;
Then close, and with rais'd Heads, the *Pomp* survey.
Whilst the grave Man this spectacle intends,
(Pleas'd with the sight) a suddain Storm descends.
The Winds grow rude, and rend the shaken Boat ;
On the swoln Flood, the tatter'd Streamers float :
So, Blossoms with too violent a Breeze,
Are torn, and scatter'd round their shaken Trees.

Then, to his Cell return'd, the *Anchorite*
Draws sage *Remarques* from this Disastrous sight
Of Earthly *Grandeur*, weighs the Uncertain state ;
Which, in its gawdiest *Bloom*, and proudest *Height*,
Stand\$ most expos'd to th'Shock of *suddain Fate*.

The Request.

SO may you Spring, and so Heav'n's choicest Dew,
In Nightly-Show'rs, distill fair *Plants* on You;
As You on Me Your rankest *Venom* shed,
Whil't at Your Feet I make My grassie Bed.
And Thou O *Goddeſs* (whose Obliging Womb
Affords the Living *Food*, the Dead a *Tomb*)
Permit Me ere I dye, to dig my Grave;
'Tis all My starv'd Ambition now will crave!
I Rob Thee not; for, tho My delving Spade
Dislodge thy Mould, yet there's no *Treſpaſs* made:
For I the petty Damage shall Repay,
Filling the Vacant Ground with *My own Clay*.

The Installment.

I.

Long have I Languisht in the Fire
Of an unquenchable Desire;
And will it not suffice thee Love,
That I thy patient *Martyr* am,
Unless thy Worship I promote,
And *proselyte* others to thy Flame?
If as a *Laick-Lover* ought I act,
What canst thou more from me expect,
Who am not *gifted* for a *Teacher* in the Sect?

II.

My Gifts of *Nature* are too small;
I own it, and pretend no *Call*!
Beside, I've found at last the *Cheat*;
The Flame that do's thy Priests inspire,
(Pretended

(Pretended for Seraphick Heat)

Is meer *Enthusiastick* Fire. (knows,

VVhen Heav'n inspires the mind no Trouble

But Love's wild *Extasies* (like those

That Rag'd in *Heathen Priests*) torment and dis-
compose.

III.

And 'tis no more than their Desert,

That these Impostors thus shou'd smart,

By whose false VViles we are betray'd

To Loves curst Tyranny and Rage,

For they, when once Love's Captives made,

Their *Griefs dissembling, Sing i'th' Cage:*

Then from afar, the Credulous Flock repairs,

Tattend their soft and charming *Aires;*

And whil'st they *listening sit*, are caught in unseen
Snares.

IV.

But why fond Love wilt thou make choice

Of my untaught and grating Voice?

Fool,

Fool, whil'ft amidst thy Gins I ling,
 I shall not only fright away
 Such as already are on Wing,
 But those that were inclin'd to stay!
 Consult thy Reason first deluded Boy,
 Ere my rude Verse thou dost employ;
 Verse that will prove a *Scare-Crow*, rather than *Du-*
 (coy.

The Pennance.

Nymph *Fanarell*, suppos'd to be
 The Gentlest, most indulgent She;
 (For what Offence I cannot say)
 A Day and Night, and half a Day,
 Banisht her Shepherd from her sight:
 Sure his Default cou'd not be Light,
 Or this Compassionate Judge had nere
 Impos'd a Pennance so severe.

And

And lest she shou'd anon revoke
 What in her warmer rage she spoke,
 She bound the Sentence with an Oath,
 Protested by her *Faith* and *Troth*,
 Nought shou'd Compound for his Offence,
 But the full Term of *Abstinence*.

But when his Pennance-Glass were run,
 His Hours of *Castigation* done,
 Shou'd he deferr one Minutes space
 T' appear, and be restor'd to Grace,
 With sparkling threatning Eyes she swore,
 That Failure wou'd Incense her more
 Than all his Trespasses before.

Laura's Walk.

I.

THE Sun far sunk in his Descent,
 Laid now his Tyrant Rayes aside,

When

POEMS.

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When *Laura* to the Garden went,
To Triumph over *Natures Pride.*

II.

The *Rose-Buds* blusht with deeper Dye;
The *envying Lillies* paler grew;
The *Violets* droopt with Fear to spy
On *Laura's Veins* a richer *Blew.*

III.

She stoopt and gather'd as she went,
But whilst she *slaughter'd* sweetly *Smil'd*;
As *Angells* tho for *Ruin* sent,
Appear with *Looks Serene* and *Mild.*

IV.

But now grown weary with her *Toyl*,
She fits and flow'ry *Wreaths* she frames;
Thus with proud *Trophies* made o'th' *Spoyl*,
Her *Conquest* ore the *Flow'rs* proclaims.

THE

The Usurpers.

I.

U Surping *Passions* held a long Contest
 For the Supream Dominion of my Brest;
 But whilst in mutual Broyls the Tyrants rag'd
 Whoso'er by the Battel Gain'd,
 I still the *certain Loss* sustain'd;
 For they nere-fail'd when-ever they Engag'd,
 To Wast the *Province* where the War was wag'd.

II.

Whilst such wild Havock in my Brest was made,
Reason first came to tender me his Aid;
 And sure with that puissant Prince Ally'd,
 Had I but play'd the Man i'th' Fight,
 My *Passions* had been put to Flight.
 But I not only to Assist deny'd,
 But Treach'rously sell off to th' *Enemies side*.

III. Then

III.

Then from the Powers of *Love* Redress I crav'd,
 But was by that *Alliance* worse *Enslav'd*;
 For tho *Loves* Forces quickly did degrade
 These proud Usurpers of my Breast,
 Yet was I not hereby Redrest,
 For *Love himself* prov'd false, when *Victor* made,
 And seiz'd the *Province* which he came to *Aid*.

IV.

But heavier now the *Bondage* I sustain,
 Then during my tumultuous *Passions* Reign.
 'Twere now no small Presumption to impose
 The Indulgent Fates to set me free
 As in my *Native Liberty*.

No! So it please their kind Pow'rs to Restore
 My former *Tyrants*, I demand no more.

D

The

*The Amusement.**Strephon.*

Why Weeps my *Sylvia*, prethee why?
Sylvia.

To think my *Strephon* once must Die,
To think withal poor *Sylvia* may
When He's remov'd, be doom'd to stay.

Streph.

Nymph you'r too Lavish of your Tears,
To spend them on Fantastick Fears.

Sylv.

No, for when I this Life resign,
(If Fate prolong the Date of Thine)
The Tears you'l give my Funeral,
Will pay me Int'rest, Stock and all.

Steph.

Steph.

Not so, for shou'd this setting Light
Ne're Rise again in *Sylvia's* sight,
Without a Tear in *mine* I'd view
Her *Dying Eyes*.

Sylv.

'Tis False !

Strepb.

'Tis true.

Sylv.

Not weep false Shepheard ? Swear.

Strepb.

I Swear

I wou'd not give thy Hearse a Tear.

Sylv.

Break swelling Heart ! Perfidious Man !

Death ! are you Serious ? Swear agen.

Yes ! Swear by *Ceres* and by *Pan*,

Strepb.

Let then great *Pan* and *Ceres* hear,

And punish if I falsely Swear.

D 2

Sylv.

Sylv.

Gods! can ye hear this and Forgive?
 You may, for I have Heard and *Live*!
 Half this Unkindness timely shown,
 Had kept me Blest, kept me my Own,
 E're to your false embrace I came,
 I cou'd have quench't my kindling Flame;
 I cou'd have done't without Remorse,
Parting had then been no *Divorce*.

Strepb.

Rage not rash *Nymph*, for I've Decreed
 When *Sylvia* Dies——

Sylv.

Speak, what?

Strepb.

To *Bleed*.

I'll drein my *Life-blood* from my Heart,
 But no *cheap Tear* shall dare to start.

Sylv.

Kind Shepheard, cou'd you Life Despise,
 And Bleed at *Sylvia's* Obsequies?

Strepb.

Stroph.

To *Ceres* I appeal, for She
Knows this has long been my Decree;
And knows that I resolve it still,

Sylv.

Since then you cou'd your Vow fulfill,
Swear, Swear once more you *never* will.

The Amorist.

SEE where enamour'd *Thirsis* lies,
And cannot cease to gaze
On his *Larissa's* sparkling Eyes,
But takes Delight to see those *Comets* Blaze;
Whose *Lustre* still is *Fatal* to the Swain,
Ore whom they *Reign*,
For by their *Influence* the poor Shepherd *Dies*,
Or (more to be Lamented) Lives in *Pain*.

The Surprizal.

I 'th' narrowest walk of a close Grove,
Whom shou'd I chance to meet but *Love* ?
I seiz'd the *Elf*, and said---At last
I've caught thee, and I'll hold thee fast.
Now by thy Mothers Doves and Sparrows,
I'll rob thee of thy Bow and Arrows;
I'll chain Thee up and clip thy *Wings*,
Or *Strangle* Thee in thy own Strings,
If thou refuse me to relate
The Grounds of my *Olinda's* Hate.

Then thus the Boy reply'd---Fond Swain,
Vex not your self and me in Vain:
Your Love as noble is and brave
As ere this Bow and Quiver gave;
But that *Olinda* flights your Flame,
Nor *Thou*, nor *I*, nor *She's* too Blame.

Weigh

Weigh Circumstances, and you'll find
 She's of *Necessity* Unkind:
 She's *Mortal*, therefore never can
 Commiserate a suffering Swain;
 For such refin'd Perfections shine
 In Her, that cou'd She but Incline
 To Pitty Men, She were *Divine*!

The Unconfin'd.

Believe me Nymph you strive in Vain
 My Passion to *Confine* :

'Tis noble, and must need repine
 To wear the Slaves most Servile Badge, the *Chains*;
 'Tis more than all your *Charms* can do
 To lay Restraint on *Love* ;
 But if you are dispos'd to prove
 Your Beauties utmost Pow'r, pursue

Some likelier Enterprize, but spare
 Your vain Attempts to bind
 What is by Nature Unconfin'd,
 For Love's a *Planet*, not a *fixed Star*.

Dialogue. *Alexis and Laura.*

Laur.

Alexis. ———

Alex.

Dear!

Laur.

Take ———

Alex.

What?

Laur.

A Kiss.

Alex.

What means this Unexpected Bliss,

A

A Bliss which I so oft in Vain
Have crav'd, and now *unaskt* obtain?

Laur.

When to my Swain reserv'd I seem'd,
I Lov'd him, Kist him *Less esteem'd!*

Alex.

Dear *Nymph*, your *Female Arts* forbear,
Nor fondly thus new *Ginns* prepare
For one already caught i'th' *snare*. }

You may impose a *heavier Chain*,
But none that surer will retain,
'Tis *Laura*, an unjust design
To Treat so Plain a Soul as mine
With *Oracles*; with mystick sense
Religion may perhaps dispense,
But these *Ænigmas* mar *Love's Joy*,
As *Clouds* *Gems* in their *worth* destroy.

Laur.

Then take it on your Peril Swain,
(Since you compel me to be plain)

The

The *Kiss* I gave you was in lieu
 Of all *Love-debts* from *Laura* due,
 To Swain *Alexis*, since the Hour
 Of our first Entrance on *Amour*.

Alex.

What Crimes can I have wrought t'enforce
 This suddain and severe Divorce?
 'Tis, sure, impossible such Guilt
 Should *press* my Soul and not be *felt*.

Laur.

Recall false Shepherd what to day
 I heard you to *Dorinda* say.
 You said she did Noons Light out-shine,
 More than the *Paphian* Queen Divine.
 You vow'd respect to her Commands,
 And (Heav'n Forgive you) Kist her Hands,

Alex.

You wrong me Nymph, by *Pan* you do;
 For if that Courtship you review,
 You'll find 'twas Complement to you,

Laur.

Laur.

Yes, I was Sov'rainly respected
By Pray'rs t' *Another Saint* directed,

Alex.

Dorinda Graces, 'tis well known,
Bear such Resemblance with your *own*,
That when I made my late Address,
'Twas in that gentle Shepherdess
The sweetness of those Charms to tast,
Which so divinely *Laura* grac'd.

Laur.

Weak *Nymphs* with Men contend in Vain,
Who thus can their Defaults maintain.
Wise *Nature* has her care exprest,
That neither Sex shou'd be Opprest;
For when to *Us* she did commit
Tyrannick Beauty, she thought fit
To Teach Men *Wis* and *Arts* t'Allay
And Temper Beauties *Absolute Sway*.

The

The Restitution.

HEr keen Disdain pierc'd deep my Breast;
The gaping Orifice dismiss
The dearest drops my Heart contain'd:
I ventur'd to her and complain'd,
To ease my smart and still my Fears;
She wept and Bath'd my Wound with *Tears*.
Blood will have Blood (they say) and be
Repaid in *Kind*. 'Tis false in *Me*.
For *Sylvia* wound me yet more deep,
If after you vouchsafe to weep,
(So much I prize your *Tears*) I'll own
You have not satisfi'd Alone,
But so *eye-recompent* my wrongs, that I
Bleeding to Death shall *Sylvia's Debtor Dye*.

The Escape.

ON a Streams Bank I saw her stand,
A plyant *Angle* in her Hand.
I markt how she disguis'd the Hook,
And cast her Bait into the Brook.
The sport succeeded to her wish,
For strait she hung a pondrous *Fish*;
But too too eager on her Prey,
Refus'd to give the Captive Play
Till Tir'd, himself he woud resign;
But trusting to her slender Line,
The struggling *Animal* enrag'd,
With the rude check soon Disengag'd
His wounded Jaws; but whilst He thus Regains
His Liberty, the bearded wire remains
And galls his tender Gills with restless Pains.

II.

Is't not enough inhumane Maid,
That *we* are by thy Wiles betray'd,
But you your Treach'ry must employ,
The Floods Inhabitants to destroy?
This *Fish* has my hard fortune shar'd,
When first by thy false Charms Ensnar'd;
For so I gorg'd the *Bait* you threw;
Whilst (on your game too Eager) you
Came violently to seize your Prey,
Which with hard struggling broke away.
But to what purpose am I Free,
Living in *painful Liberty*.

In vain I boast, that I survive the Dart
Whose *Venom'd Pile* lies *festring* in my *Heart*;
And (tho it kill not) galls with *restless smart*.

The Politicians.

How grossly do the Learn'd and Wise
Mistake in Loves State-policies!

If I and *Celia* chance to jar,
They take our Feuds for *open War*;
So little they perceive the pow'r
Of *Quarrels* to Improve *Amour*.
Do we not see how perfect are
The Loves of ev'ry *Turtle Pair*,
Yet they like us *disguise* their Bliss,
Cooing and *murmuring* while they Kifs!
Love's *Fire* like *Lightning* shines as fair
In *Storms* as in Serener Air.

Let none my *Celia* judge the mode
Of our *Amour*, and call it odd;
But such as Love to our Degree
(If any more such Lovers be!)

Whose

Whose *wedded Love* persists the same;
As when we burnt in *Virgin Flame*.
Sometimes like parting *Streams* we stray,
And seem to *Rove* a sundry way,
But meet ere long, and so *United* move
Till we are lost in a full *Sea of Love*.

The Vow-Breaker.

CLOSE by a *Mossie Fountains* side,
A spacious *Marble Basin* stands;
Passing that way, *Ardelia* there I spy'd;
Oft-times, and oft, she wash'd and dry'd her *Hands*.
Bless me! I cou'd not choose but smile
At her *Impertinent Toil*;
For from her *Arms* the *Waters* purer fell,
Than when she took them from the *Well*!

So Vapours change their muddy Blew
(When rais'd aloft) to fairer Hue;
They Rise in *Mists* and fall in *Dews*:

I I.

Ah! I'm Undone; the fear was just
That checkt me when I gave my Heart
To this fair Nymph, who storm'd at my Mistrust;
And Swore from the dear Pledge she'd never part,
A while she lodg'd it in her Breast,
Where like a *Turtle* in its *Nest*
It slept, till she (wou'd you believe she cou'd?)
Imbru'd her hands in its warm Blood!
Then, washing Here, design'd to stain
The Innocent Fount, but strove in Vain;
Her Hands the Conscious Die Retain.

III.

Hence-forth let none your Beauty prize;
But such as can be False as You;
You who admit no Hearts your *Votaries*,
Save what you make (like Mine) your *Villims* too,

'Tis evident what you design
 You'd be in *Earnest* thought *Divine*.
 Then, *Goddess*, know your Rites amiss proceed;
 Your Victims *Burn* before they *Bleed*;
 But you Enjoyn your own *odd* way
 To Exercise your *Absolute* sway,
 And try how *Blindly* wee'l *Obeys*.

The Tear.

L

STay *Julia*, let me watch that *Tear*,
 Lest the rich drop glide from thine Eye;
 The *Meteor* sparkles in its *Sphere*,
 But Fall'n to *impure Earth*, twill *Dye*;
 Yet where it is it cannot stay,
 For see the *Sun-beams* come in swarms to Prey
 And sip the rich delicious juice Away.

POEMS!

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II.

Into this *Viol* let it fall——

See, *Julia*, how it sparkles through?

Well may those *Eyes* prevail on All,

Whose *Tears* have Killing glances too,

If solid as a Gem it were,

No Gem cou'd vie with this Transparent Tear;

The *Eye* that wept it only cou'd compare.

III.

It shall be so, I will convert

This Tear to a Gem, 'tis Feazable;

For laid near *Julia's Frozen Heart*,

'Twill to a *Diamond* congeal.

And yet if I consider well,

These *Tears* of *Julia's* can fore-bode no Ill,

The *Frost* is *Breaking* when such *Drops Distill*.

E 3

Tha

The Discovery.

WHen first Love's Vot'rie I became,
 (Charm'd with the *Lustre* of his Flame)
 My Youth his God-like form admir'd,
 And fondly thought his *Priests* inspir'd.
 Mongst Them I proudly sought a Place,
 And was by Chance allow'd the Grace;
 But once admitted to his Shrine,
 That Love whom I esteem'd Divine,
 More terrible than *Moloch* stood,
 His Altars stain'd with Humane Blood.
 Of all Infernal Tyrant Pow'rs,
 None like this *Demon* of *Amours*.
 None so severely Exercise
 Their Rage on their poor Votaries!
 The Wounded Lover lives in pain,
 Lies neither *Curable* nor *Slain*

Till his keen *Sword* sheath'd in his Heart,
Compleat the Slaughter of the Dart.
Others to *Quench* this *Calenture*.
Have tane a speedy Course and sure,
Whilst from some *Præcipice's* Brow,
They plung'd into the Floods below:
To Deserts Others have Retir'd,
And pensive there in Caves expir'd,
What Place or Age or Sex is free
From this *Usurper's* Tyranny?
The populous City he frequents,
And pitches in the Camp his *Tents*.
In Courts and Palaces He *Reigns*,
And proudest Monarchs wear his *Chains*.
Yet He that thus the *Scepter* awes,
Disdains not to impose his Laws
On *Cottages*, and there destroys
The *Nymphs* and *Shepherds* native Joys;
Their purer Air me-thinks shou'd be
From *Love's* severe Contagion free;

But all their Meads and Gardens bear
 No Herb t'assuage this Feavour *There!*
 Far from his Flock *Alexis* weeps,
 Neglects to Feed, and rarely Sleeps;
 His *once* sure Charm for ev'ry Grief,
 The *Pipe* affords him no Relief;
 Gasping at *Sylvia's* Feet he lies,
 Whilst She for Scornful *Strephon* dies.

How wretched is the Lover's State,
 Prest on all sides with some hard Fate?
 His Hopes alike it will destroy,
Not to Succeed or to *Enjoy*.
 For if he *Lawlessly* Embrace,
 He's then *Unhappy* 'cause He's *Base*;
 And He that *Honorably* Love's
Less Wretched, but not *Happy* proves!
 To him that waits his Nuptial Day,
 The Hours pass Lazily away;
 False Dreams of Bliss his Thoughts Employ,
 Impatient therefore to *Enjoy*,

Rashly

Rashly he bargains for a Wife,
 And with her *Weds* the *Cares of Life*;
 But wrought to Expectation's Height
 His *fancy'd Bliss*es Vanish strait,
 For Leapt into the *Marriage-Bed*,
 Whith *Briars* and *Thorns* He finds it spread;
 Repents too Late and Envyes the *Unwed*.

The Parting.

Here do I fix my Foot, and Farewell *Love*!
 I will no further move.

When first in *Error's* Misty Night
 I lost my self, and rovd about,
 This *Ignis-fatuus* found me out,
 Before me rol'd with Wanton Play;
 And beg'd to bring me on my *Way*.

Rashly I follow'd the seducing Fire
 Through briny Floods of *Tears*,
 Mongst *Thorny Jealousies* and Fears,
 O're *Præcípices* of *Despair*,
 And where no Passage did appear,
 Oft have I *for'd* a *Path*, but now I *Tire*.
 What *Glympe* was that which struck my Eye
 From yonder *Skie* ?

Welcome bright Harbinger of *Day*;
 By thee I know the Sun is on his way.
 What *Deseri's* this?----Alas! I fear I'm *Stray'd*,
 And after all my *Toil* and *Fright*
 In this *Tempestuous Night*,
 By my *Officious Guide* *Betray'd*.
 Oh! when shall I arrive at the *Abode*
 Of *Happy Souls* (since they that earliest *stave*
 To reach that *Stage*, are late e're they *Arrive*)
 I, who am *Cumbred* with so vast a *Load*
 Of *Vain Desires*, and have alas!

So many a weary step to pass
 Ere I *redress* my *Stray's*, & get into the *Road*.

On

*On an Old Miser that Hoarded his
Treasure in a Steel Chest, and bu-
ry'd it.*

CANst Thou in Dungeons smother up that *Self*
That's dearer to thee than thy *Self*?
Th' ill-treated Pris'ner is debar'd the sight
Of its own cheerful Parent *Light*.
Dost Thou in such strict Ward thy Gold retain,
As *Pagans* did their *Idols* Chain,
Lest some audacious Foe by Force shou'd seize
Or charm away their *Deities*?
In Vain from Others Reach thou dost confine
What is no Less reserv'd from *Thine*!
So Merchants rather than resign their goods
To Pyrats, sink them in the *Floods*.

Dull Miser, nought of thy laborious Gains
 Falls to thy share, beside the *Pains*.
 Like the dull Ass thou Starv'st beneath a Pack
 Of Provender that *breaks* thy *Back*,
 Think not Thou dost like *Nature* to *Inter*,
 Thy *Gold*, cause 'twas Inter'd by *Her*;
 The Cell which Nature gave it, was a *Womb*
 To Breed the *Oar*, but Thine its *Tomb*.

The Vision,

Written in a dangerous fit of Sickness.

Dissolv'd in Sleep neer a complaining Stream,
 My Fancy strove with an important Dream;
 Me-thought I was with Violence born away
 Through a dark Vault, whose Cavern did convey
 To *Death's* sad Courts; the brazen Gates I past,
 Which on my entrance were again made fast.

The

The dismal Cell with horror I survey'd,
For dead mens Bones in Piles were round me laid,
And Skulls of largest size the Pavement made,
The Sun to this dark Mansion darts no Ray,
But glim'ring Lamps make an imperfect Day;
By their faint Light I searcht the Cave around,
And in each Nook amazing Objects found,
In a long Row stood Glasses stor'd with Sand,
Which of some Mortals years the Tale contain'd:
His or Her Name the bloody Letters spell'd,
The Number of whose years the Hour-glass held,
Grim Fate stood by to watch the hindmost Grain,
And cut the slender Thread of Life in Twain,
Then down the Tablet dropt t'a stream below,
Suppos'd from the *Lethæan* Lake to flow:
A while it floated 'till born Under-ground,
'Twas in th'*Abyss* of deep Oblivion drown'd.

Whilst into Fate's *Arcanas* thus I pry'd,
My own Name on a Tablet I descry'd.

But

But oh the Pangs and Agonies that rent
My panting Breast to find my Glass neer spent!
The Tragick Scene begins (Forgive me Fate
That thy occult Proceedings I Relate.)
Strait was I summon'd to receive my Doom,
For Death with horrid Grace approacht the Room
Array'd majestick in a mourning Robe,
A *Dart* his *Scepter*, and a *Skull* his *Globe*.
He sat, th'Attendants on his Person stood,
All arm'd for Slaughter, and distain'd with Blood.
Diseases next were plac'd a numerous Train,
Producing each a Bed-roll of his slain.
No sooner were my scatter'd Thoughts restor'd,
But I with mental Pray'rs Heav'n's Aid implor'd;
Then thus with hollow Voice the Tyrant spoke---
In vain fond Youth Heav'n's succour you invoke,
Stand to the Bar, and hear th'Inditement read;
For ere Thou dy'st Thou art allow'd to Plead:
Thy Charge is deep, but for thy self Reply.
Oh I am Guilty and deserve to Dye!

My

My years in Vanity's pursuit I spent,
 Too oft Transgress'd, too rarely did Repent;
 Some Vices (Heav'n Assisting) I suppress'd,
 And lasting War proclaim'd with all the Rest;
 But oft i'th' Combat I shrunk back and fled,
 By Passions oft surpriz'd and Captive led.
 But are this Courts Proceedings so severe,
 That Youth can Challenge no Indulgence Here?
 Had Fate my Life to Manlier years promov'd,
 Perhaps my Skill and Courage had improv'd;
 Mortal thy Doom already is decreed,
 (*The Judge reply'd*) and Sentence must proceed!
 This Court's Records with Instances abound
 Of Younger Brows than Thine with Lawrel crown'd,
 Approach ye Ministers of Fate, and bear
 Th'Offender Hence to th'Region of Despair;
 In Liquid Flames of Sulphur let him roul,
 In sharpest Agonies of a Hell-wreckt Soul:
 Thus let him howl Eternity Away,
 Refresh with no short Glimps of Heav'nly Day.

Con-

Confusion now my Tortur'd Bosom fill'd ;
 Cold Sweat adown my Lifeless joynts distill'd ;
 A Guard of Demons at the Tyrant's call
 With hideous Yellings rusht into the Hall
 Monstrous of Shape, of Size, Prodigious Tall. }

In this Distress behold a Heav'nly Ray,
 Around me did his chearful Light display.
 The Lamps grew pale and shrunk into their Case,
 The frighted *Demons* Vanisht from the Place ;
 The haughty Tyrant's Self confus'd appear'd ;
 Mongst the dead Bones a rattling Noise was heard,
 As Summon'd to the Universal Doom,
 They jostled with each other in their Tomb,
 Not daring yet to hope Relief I spy'd
 My Guardian-Angel smiling by my side ;
 A silent joy through all my Vitals ran,
 Whilst Thus in Charming Language He began.

Rejoyce my charge, for from Heav'n's Court I
 (come
 With gracious Orders to Revoke thy Doom.

Thy

Thy Sun is set, thy Life-glass almost run,
Thy Virtue's Race imperfectly begun.
But Heav'n in Pity to thy sickly Pace,
Has Lincenc'd me or to contract the space,
Or on my Wing thy lingering Spirit convey
To Blissful Mansions of Eternal Day.
To Heav'n and Him my Humblest Thanks I paid,
And beg'd to be to those glad Seats convey'd;
But first admit the Lot of all Man-kind
And Leave (*said He*) that Load of Earth behind,
Pris'ners Absolv'd, less gladly quit their Chain
Than I this *Flesh* that did my Spirit detain.
But when my Soul her naked Self Survey'd,
Leaprous and foul by Sin's Contagion made,
She Blusht and sought to cover her Disgrace,
Retreating back into her Flethy case.
The Guardian-Spirit her fond Attempr withstood,
And streight with Hyssop dipt in Sacred Blood,
Baptiz'd Her; and behold, whilst I enquir'd

Th'In

Th'Intent o'th' Ceremony, I grew inspir'd
With mental joys, and now descry'd no more
Those Blemishes that stain'd my Soul before:
Thought of *New Worlds* my Mind had so ingross'd,
That all Remembrance of the *Old* it Lost:
That *Body* too (which once I fondly thought
Cou'd never be from my Remembrance wrought)
Had now quite scapt my Mem'ry, till I spy'd
The pale and Lifeless Engine by my side.
Bless me (said I) what ghastly thing lies there?
Was this the Mansion where so many a year,
I lingred 'twixt successive Hope and Fear?
Was this the Thing I took such Care t'improve,
Taught it to Cringe, and in just measures move?
The thing that lately did in Business sweat,
That talkt so much of being Rich and Great!
That sought with Verse to make its *Love* renown'd,
And hop't ere long to see its Passion Crown'd;

Be-

Behold where the designing Machine lies,
 Prey to those Insects it did once Despise.
 Suppose that Body now lay cover'd o're
 In Perfumes brought from *Ormus* Spicie Shore;
 What courteous Female wou'd vouchsafe the Grace
 To Curl those Locks, or Kils that ghastly Face?
 Why is the Corpse so long detain'd from Ground,
 Tis more than Time those Hands and Feet were
 (bound;

Close the dull Eyes, support the falling Chin,
 With grassie Turfs suppress the swelling Skin:
 Go, let the Fun'ral Peal be Rung aloud,
 In Winding-Sheets th'offensive Carcass throw'd }
 And in some Nook the Useless Lumber crow'd. }

Insulting Thus I spake, and more had said,
 But was by my Assistant Angel stay'd;
 My Charge, said he, (these gloomy shades with-drawn)
 Behold of Everlasting Day the Dawn:
 At th'Entrance to th'*Elysian* Land (a Grace
 Confer'd on Souls when first they arrive the Place)

F The

The Blissful Throng are met to welcome Thee
To their fair World of *Immortality*.

He said, and strait his Threatning Wand up-heav'd,
The Neighb'ring Walls obey'd the Stroke and cleav'd,
Such was the *Blow* giv'n by the *Hebrew Guide*,
When forcing his *Foot-passage* through the *Tide*,
The Waters there *Congel'd* and stood in *Walls*,
The Building here like *breaking Water* falls.

But now the parting Stones brought Heav'n in View,
When (Fatal Chance!) my rapt'rous Dream with-
(drew

The grateful slumber from my Temples fell,
Round me I view'd the Grove, and thought it *Hell*;
Aloud I call'd my Guide! Obliging
The Ecchoing Rocks kept up th'expiring cry,
But the false Vision fled without Reply.

ODE.

To my Ingenious Friend Mr. Flatman.

AS when the fam'd Artificer of Greece,
With wondrous Art but ill Success
Contriv'd his own and Captiv'd Son's Escape,
By Wings which He with inspir'd Craft did shape,
He taught the Youth how safely He might Glide,
And keep a Mean betwixt the Sun and Tide,
So you (*Learn'd Friend*) with equal Art
To me the *Wings of Poesie* impart,
Before me through the spacious Sphere
A steady Course you Steer,
There You *securely* Wonders act
And th'Eyes of All Attract,
Whilst I Unfortunate,
Like *Icarus* Die, but with less glorious Fate!

He *Soaring* fell, I flag Below,
 Where with damp Wings disabled to pursue
 I yield me Lost, and plunging down
 In deep *oblivion* Drown.

The Banquet.

Dispatch, and to the Myrtle Grove convey
 What-ever with the natural Pallat suits,
 The *Dairy's* Store with Sallads, Roots & Fruits,
 I mean to play the *Epicure* to Day!
 Let nought be wanting to compleat
 Our Bloodless Treat;
 But *Bloodless* let it be, for I've Decreed
 The *Grape* Alone for this Repast shall *Bleed*.
 Sit worthy Friends——But ere we Feed,
 Let *Love* b'expell'd the Company;

Let

Let no mans Mirth Here interrupted be
 With Thought of any Scornful Little *She* !
 Fall too my Friends. Trust me the Cheer is good !
 Ah ! (if our Bliss we Understood)
 How shou'd we Bless th' Indulgent Fates !
 Indulgent Fates, that with *Content* have stor'd
 Our Rural Board,
 A *Rarity* nere found amongst the *Cates*
 Of most Voluptuous Potentates,

The Match.

BY what wild Frenzy was I Led,
 That with a *Muse* I needs must Wed ?
 Whose *Dow'r* consists of pop'lar Fame,
 The short Possession of a Name !
 Yet with what Trouble and Debate
 The owner holds this poor Estate ?

Where after long Expence and Toil
He *Starves* on the Ungrateful Soil.
The Fields and Groves which Poets feign
The curious Fancy Entertain,
But yeilds no nourishing Grain or Fruit,
The craving Stomach to recruit.
With *Thirsty Tongue* the *Rhymer* Sings
Of *Nectar* and *Olympian* Springs.

And such I fear the Faery ground
Of their *Elysium* will be found.
A meer *Fools Paradise*, and fit
For such as will be Men of *Wit*.
Yet fain wou'd I that Rhymer know,
That Raves not of th' Shades below,
Whose Verse describes not there each Hill,
Each Flow'ry Vale and wandring Rill,
With such præcise particular Care,
As He had been a *Native* there;
When (maugre all his Art and Pains)
What are his Gay *Elysian* Plains

But

But an Imaginary Chear,
Utopia's form'd i'th'wild Conceit,
 When with *Poetick Calenture*
 'Tis seiz'd, and *Death* alone can Cure,

The Disconsolate.

MY lab'ring Soul no longer can sustain;
 But sink beneath th'increasing Pain;
 I Wish, Contrive, Attempt, and Rage in Vain!
 Down by these falling Springs I'll Lay
 My weary Limbs, and Sigh my troubled Soul Away!
 To these lone Fields my Grievs I will impart,
 Oh my distracted Head! Oh my afflicted Heart!
 Put stay, why shou'd I mournfully recite
 My Grievances, to Fright
 The feather'd Poets of these Streams;

To interrupt their Mirth and Peace,
 Whilst *Philomel* her querulous Song shall cease,
 And from *my sorrows*, learn more *Tragick Themes* !
 No! No! I will conceal my weighty Ills,
 Seal up my Lips, nor loose them ev'n to Pray,
 But all my Complaints in *Mental Prayers* convey,
 That shall to Heav'n as *silent* rise as *Dew* from
 (thence Distills.

II.

Dream I? or is't a real Prodigy?
 For I descry
 A Rent in that unclouded Skye;
 The Azure Curtains are drawn wide
 And to my View disclose
 Th' *Elysian* Lands where happy Spirits Reside!
 See where the Spring of Pleasure flows,
 On whose fair Banks the Blest take soft Repose.
 Exempt from Sense or thought of Misery,
 They Sing, and Smile, and Rove;

And

And Feast on Joys in every Grove ;
Their *Paradise* has no *Forbidden Tree* !
Curst that I am to View this glorious Scene
With a vast *Gulf* of Air *Between* !
So from a *Rock* the Ship-wreckt *Marriner*
Surveys the distant Shore with watry Eyes,
Reflects on the full Meals and Pastimes there,
But having fram'd his fancy'd *Theatre*
Of Sports and rich Varieties,
Sits down *Disconsolate*, and *Starving Dyes*.

Sliding on Skates in very hard Frost.

How well these frozen Floods now Represent
Those *Chrysal Waters* of the Firmament !
Tho *Hurricanes* shou'd rage, they cou'd not now
So much as curl the solid Water's Brow ;

Proud

Proud Fleets whose stubborn Cables scarce withstood
 Th' impetuous shock of the Unstable Flood,
 In watry Ligaments are restrain'd
 More strict than when in binding Ooze detain'd.
 But tho their Services at present fail,
 Our selves without the aid of Tide or Gale }
 On Keels of polish'd Steel securely Sail }
 From ev'ry creek to ev'ry point we Rove, }
 And in our lawless Passage swifter move }
 Than Fish beneath us, or than Fowl above. }

*Strephon's Complaint on quitting his
 Retirement.*

I.

Business! — Oh stay till I recover Breath,
 Th'astonishing Word puts my maz'd Spirits to
 Business to me sounds terrible as Death, (Flight;
 As Death to Lovers on their Bridal Night.

Free

Free as Air, but more *Serene*,
 The *Series* of my Life has been;
 But I uncustom'd to the yolk, must now
 In stubborn Harness toil at the dull Plow.

I I.

Then farewell Happiness, Repose farewell!
 You come not where poor *Strephon* must Reside,
 For you like *Halcyons* on calm Waters dwell,
 But *Business* is a rough and troubled Tide.
 Few Suns have ris'n since I was Blest,
 Of God-like Liberty possess;
 But Slave t'Employment now without Repose
 I'm (*Ghost-like*) hurry'd where my *Demon* goes.

I I I.

But Business to Preferment will direct,
 And 'tis ev'n necessary to be Great.
 Ah have I then no more than *this* t'expect?
 My stinted Hopes will starve on such thin meat.
 Impertinents! *Content* I crave,
 And wildly you of *Grandeur* Rave!

If

If Life's at best a tedious rugged Road,
 What must it be with *Grandieur's* cumbring Load?

IV.

Condemn'd to th' Town-Noise and Impertinence,
 Where *Made* and *Ceremony* I must view!
 Yet were the sight all *Strephon* cou'd dispense,
 But He must there be *Ceremonious* too.

I fear my rural Soul's too plain
 To Learn the Towns dissembling streins;
 For whilst I practize the *lie* Courtiers *Art*,
 I shall forget my self, and speak my Heart.

V.

When first th' unwelcome Tidings I receiv'd,
 Summon'd to bid my peaceful shades Adieu;
 Scarce was I by my Fellow-Swains believ'd,
 'Till streaming Tears prov'd my sad story True.
 Then pensive they my Doom resent,
 As 'twere to Death or Banishment;
 But oh my *Panalthea's* passionate moan
 Surpass't her Sexes kindness, and her own.

VI.

V L.

Thus spake She with a forc't frown on her Brow,
Will you be gone? false *Strephon*, will you go?
Then go thy way, go, for I Hate thee now!

But tell me, are you serious Swain, or no?

This is some new-found wile to prove

(Ridiculous Jealousie!) my *Love*:

But whilst of mine this feign'd suspect is shown,
You wou'd suggest that you've renounc'd your *Own*.

V I I.

Thy Love chaste *Nymph* deep in my Breast I laid,

When first the precious Pledge I did receive,

Nor have I thence the sacred store convey'd,

Here, force the Cabinet ope and you'll believe!

You'll see with what a bleeding Heart,

From these dear Shades and thee I part,

But rig'rous Fate——then on her Virgin Breast

I lean'd my drooping Head, and wept the *Rest*.

V I I I.

Oh Floods and Groves, beneath whose sacred shade

I've sat as Happy as first Mortals were, For

For when Distractions did my breast invade,
 Some rapt'rous Shepherd's Song redrest my Care;
 But 'bove the Flights of other Swains
 I priz'd my *Astragon's* soft streins;
 For (*Turtle-like*) my pensive Astragon
 Is sweetly Sad and Charming in his Moan.

The Gold-bater.

WELL, I perceive the *Antipathy*
 Is mutual now 'twixt *Gold* and *Me*;
 For that flies me as fast as I
 The false pernicious mettal flie.
 So wild a *Prey* why shou'd I Trace
 That yields no Pleasure in the *Chase*?
 A Prey that must with Toil be sought,
 And which I prize not when 'tis Caught.
Gold I contemn when rude i'th' *Oar*,
 But in a *Crown* despise it *more*.

No Crown can any Temples fit
So well, but 'twill uneasie sit.
By an Eternal Law of Fate,
Vexations still attend on State;
Insep'able by Humane Art,
A *Crown'd-Head* and an *Aking-Heart*.

The Ingrates.

Dull Mortals with the same prepos't'rous breath
We blest *Love's* Darts, and Curse the shafts of
The Author of our Ills, a God we stile, (Death.
But the Redresser of those wrongs Revile.
Yet gentle *Death* (tho rudely treated) still
Persists in generous Charity to Kill
And Cure th'Ingrateful ev'n against their Will! }
Ah should he once in just Resentment give
Our Wishes, and permit us ever Live, O
What shoud we do when *Soul* and *Body* jar
And Loath each other like an *Ill-mad Pair*?

Can

Can envious Fiends a Penalty invent
 That shall than! Loath'd Embraces more Torment
 But friendly *Death* absolves us from this Curse,
 And when the Parties *clash*, makes a *Divorte*.

Disappointed.

I.

FROM Clime to Clime with restless toyl we Roam,
 But sadly still our old Grievs we Retain,
 And with us bear (tho we out-rove the Main)
 The same *disquiet selves* we brought from Home!

Can *Nature's* plenteous Board

Spread wide from Pole to Pole,

Sufficient Cates afford

To Satiat' or Delude one *Craving Soul*?

Produce what wealth the Sea contains,

Or sleeps deep lodg'd in *Indian Veins*,

Th' Insatiate Mind will gorge the store

And call for more.

II.

I L.

The Food of Angels of immortal kind,
 Alone can be design'd
 To Feast th'unbounded Appetite o'th'*Mind*.
 To those bright Seats let me aspire
 Where solid joys remain,
 So firm they can sustain,
 And stand the full Career of *Chast Desire*.
 Th'Enjoyments we pursue
 So hotly here below,
 Are Charming *Daphnes* in the *Chase*
 And (*Daphne-like*) *Transforming*, Fool us in th'*Em*.
 (brace l

*Some of Martials Epigrams Translated
 and Paraphras'd.*

Lib. i. Epigr. IX.

FROM needless dangers timely to Retreat,
 Speaks not our Courage small, but Prudence Great.

G

Thus

Thus *Cato* still was foremost in the Fight,
 Whilst Vict'ry (tho at distance) was in fight;
 Yet oft the Unequal Battel he wou'd wave,
 Wise in Retreat as in th'Engagement Brave.
 Who of his Game, Advantage cannot make,
 Is wise in plotting how to part the Stake.
 Who pays his *Blood* for't, buys his Fame too dear;
 I wou'd have Fame, but I'd enjoy it *Here*.
 Who mingles *Cypress* with his *Lawrel Wreath*,
 Is poor, and *Debtor* for his Fame to *Death*.

Lib. 1. Epigr. XIV.

De Arria & Pato.

W HEN from her Breast Chast *Arria* did unsheath
 The reeking Sword, & led the way to Death;
 The blushing Steel to her Lov'd Lord she gave,
 And said----*The Wretched, let us still be Brave!*
As that I might prevent thy Fate with Mine:
At my own Breast I Bleed, but Smart in Thine.

Lib.

Lib. 1. Epigr. CX.

De *Iffa Catellâ Publij.*

Issa much to be preferr'd
 To *Catullus* amorous Bird,
 Chaster Thou than *Stella's* Dove,
 But fond as Girls when first they Love:
Iffa worth both *Indies* Treasure,
Iffa *Publius's* Life and Pleasure.
Iffa mourns if He complain,
Iffa shares his Health and Pain.
 All Night on his warm Neck She lies,
 Nor stirs 'till He's dispos'd to rise:
 But if Digestion chance to call,
 The cleanly well-bred Animal
 Ne'er harms the Bed, but lightly creeps
 O'er *Publius's* Bosome while He sleeps,
 Or wakes him with her gentle moan,
 And motions to be handed down.

But passing other Vertues by,
 Such is this Creatures *Modesty*,
 She ne're cou'd *Love*, tho daily *Woo'd*
 By *Shocks* of *Quality* and *Blood*.

But lest Death take her quite away
 When time brings on her fatal Day,
 (To Countermand Fate's rigid Law)
Publius did her Picture draw;
 Where ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Hair
 Is feign'd with so much Art and Care,
 It leaves you doubtful which to call
 The *Copy*, which th'*Original*.
 In short, compare 'em both together,
 And you'l Swear *Both* have Life, or *Neither*.

Lib. 9. Epigr. VI.

Doll Swears she will have *Raph*---The *Wiser* she!
Raph Swears hee'l not have her---The *Wiser* He!

 Lib. XI. Epigr. XCV.

Translated in Dialogue.

A. Friend *Giles* and I had late a bloody bout.

B. Eternal Cronies how cou'd you fall out?

A. Faith guess th'Occasion.

B. Some fresh Doxie?

A. No,

Fools as we are, we have more Sense than So.

He that Asserts a modest Lady's Right,

(Tho soundly Drub'd) is a true Errant Knight,

But Whelps are they, who for such Carrion Fight.

B. When *Teaps* (which he's of course some twice a
Day)

He'l rail on's Grandfire's Beard ift come in's way,

Perhaps mis-call'd you then, gave you the Lye,

Or in rude Language damn'd your Poetry.

A. Had *Lillie* to resolve the *Quare* try'd,

Ev'n *Lilly's* self cou'd not have guess more wide!

Don Critick nere cou'd wound my thoughts so
 As to beguil me of one minutes sleep; (deep
 Censures I still despise as things of course,
 But th' damage I sustain by *Giles* is worse.
 The Rascal stole——

B. Your Poems?

C. No, my Horse.

Lib. XI. Epigr. XLIII.

There's not a *drowsie Alderman* i'th'Town,
 But I'l engage more nobly shall requite
 Dull hobling Meeter on his *Beard* and *Gown*,
 Than you the most elab'rate lines I write.

And yet your Worship still gives me strict charge
 To write in Honour of your Patronage;
 And that my thoughts upon the Theam be large,
 And sav'ring of the smartness of the *Age*.

Troth

Troth Sir, you have less Conscience than a *Turk*,
 To put an honest Muse on *Conjuring Work*,
 To make *Wesphalia Hams* of *Englisb Pork*.

The Confinement.

OFT had I form'd *Ideas* of Content,
 But by Experience knew not what it meant,
 At length I strove to Counter-plot my Stars,
 And free my Soul by Stratagem from Cares.
 In a cool Jess'mine shade my Lute I strung,
 Where with divertive Aires I play'd and Sung;
 The grateful Sounds compos'd my Cares to sleep,
 Which o're me now no Watch appen'd to keep.
 Thrice blest (said I) this long expected Hour,
 That frees me from my cruel Goalers Pow'r.
 I fled; but soon was by my jealous Guard
 Pursu'd, o're-tane, and laid again in Ward.

Yec ev'n this Disappointment I cou'd bear,
 Had Fate set bounds to my Misfortunes Here;
 But since my Attempt t'escape I suffer more,
 Than in my Hardest Bondage heretofore!
 Like a *Designing Captive* now I'm us'd,
 A Pris'ners *Common Curtesses* refus'd;
 Prest with more Chains, aw'd by a stricter Guard,
 From *Sleep* (the vilest *Slaves Relief*) debarr'd.

*On Snow fall'n in Autumn, and dis-
 solv'd by the Sun.*

I.

Nature now stript of all her *Summer-Dress*,
 And modestly surmizing, 'twere unmeet
 For each rude Eye to view her *Nakedness*,
 Around her *bare Limbs* wraps this *Snowy Sheet*.

II. The

II.

The wanton *Sun* the slight-wrought Shroud remove,
 Tembrace the naked *Dame*, whose fertile Womb
 Admits the lusty *Paramour's* warm Love's,
 And is made *big* with the fair *Spring* to come.

Melancholy.

I.

Malignant Humour, Poyson to my Blood!
 Bane of those active Spirits that glide
 And sport within the *circling Tide*,
 As *Fish* Expire in an *infected Flood*.
 When all th'*Horizon* of my Soul is clear,
 And I suspect no change of Weather near,
 Strait like a suddain Storm I find
 Thy black Fumes gath'ring in my Mind,
 Transforming All *Egyptian Darkness* there,
 Darkness where nought occurs to Sight

But

But *Flashes*, more amazing than the *Nights*;
And fiery Spectres gliding through the troubled Air.

I I.

Sleep that in other Maladies brings Ease,
Feeds and enrages this Disease;
For when my weary Lids I close
And slumber, 'tis without *Repose*.
This *Fury* still into my Dreams will creep
To Hagg my tim'rous Fancy while I sleep;
Through Charnel Houses then I'm led,
Those gloomy Mansions of the Dead,
Where pensive Ghosts by their lov'd Reliques stay,
And Curse th'approaching Day.
By Merc'less Foes pursu'd and rane;
Oft ship-wreckt on the Main,
Beneath the Floods I seem to Dive;
Oft in Wild *Sarra's* Desert forc't t'engage
Some Savage Monster's Rage.
Oft (*Typhon-like*) beneath a Mountain's weight I strive!

III. Might

III.

Might I the Book of Fate peruse,
 To Read the Lot for me design'd,
 I should perhaps auspicious find
 Those Planets I accuse;
 But whilst for Information I
 Consult the false Astrology
 Of Melancholy Fear,
 Dark and ore-cast my future Dayes appear:
 All possible Misfortunes while I dread,
 I draw all possible Misfortunes on my Head;
 Whilst this solicitous Fear of *Future Ill*
 My credulous Thought employs,
 (Tho false its Augury, yet) it destroys
 My present Rest, and still
 Diverts me from pursuit of certain Joyes.
 Who seeks for *Happiness* with nicest Care
 Must watch its *Seasons*, and frequent its *Havens*.
 Delight is a Rich tender *Plant*
 That Springs ^{not} in all Soils, and all the Year:
'Tis

'Tis like the Manna which in plenty lay,
 If early sought, around
 Each Hebrews Tent, but if till Heat of Day
 Their Search they did delay,
 Th' Ambrosial Food was no where to be found.

*On a Grave Sir retiring to Write in
 Order to undeceive the World.*

CERTIS of all well-meaning Fools, thy Fate
 Is most deplorably Unfortunate.

Hadst Thou *Domitian-like* in catching Flies
 Employ'd thy Privacy, thou'dst pass for Wise;
 For what shou'd hinder thee, but thou mayst catch
 As fast as He, and be the Emperour's Match?
 But whilst thy solitary Hours are spent
 In scribbling tedious Systems, to prevent
 The Worlds Mistakes, its Follies to Reform,
 Thou mayst as well pretend to lay a Storm.

Go,

Go, cut the *Caspian* Lake a Road to th' Ocean;
 Contrive an Engine with *perpetual Motion*,
 Make *Machiavillians* of the *Red-Bull* Rout,
Silks Constant, *Breakers* Honest, *Bawds* Devout;
 If these Adventures seem unfeazable,
 At least enough to pose Don *Sidrophel*.
 Then think how frantickly thou dost devise,
 To make this Hair-brain'd World grow staid and wise.
 In Youth and Prime when likeliest to improve,
 No Precepts this besotted World cou'd move;
 And wilt thou at these Years begin to School,
 (Dull Moralist!) the crazy *deating Fool*?
 Go dreaming Stoick, once again Retire;
 And since thou art Ambitious to acquire
 Repute for Judgment---- Set thy Works on Fire.

ON

*On a deform'd Old Baw'd designing to
have her Picture drawn.*

I.

THy Picture drawn soul Beldame! Thine
What Frenzy haunts thy Mind,
And drives Thee on this vile Design,
T'affront all Woman-kinds

II.

For whilst thy swarthy Cankard Face
Posterity shall view,
They'll loath the fairest of the Race,
For sharing Sex with *you*.

III.

To some forlorn Church-Yard repair,
And Haggard Thou shalt see,
The sternest Goblin will not dare
To stand the sight of Thee.

IV. Those

IV.

Those Ghosts that strike with Pannick-Fear
The Breasts of stoutest Braves,
At thy Approach will disappear,
And Burrogh in their Graves.

V.

Fix thy *Effigies* on the Shield
Of some bold Knight in Arms,
'Twill Aid him more to win the Field,
Than all his *Lady's Charms*.

VI.

Don *Perseus* with his *Gorgon's* Face
That Combatant wou'd flee;
For Hagg *Medusa* (no Disgrace!)
A Beauty were to Thee.

Ad-

Advice to a Friend, designing to Publish his Poems.

REclaim, rash Friend, your wild Resolves t'engage
A captious, and ill-natur'd Age.

'Tis not enough the Verse you write be *Good*,
To Take, 'it must be *Understood*.

And to instruct the World, where you excell,
Is harder much than *writing Well*.

Th'are different Tasks to write *Well*, and to *Pleaze*;
The last (alass!) a *Work of Ease*.

Whilst *Midas* Umpire sits; let None admire
Pan's Pipe preferr'd to *Phebus Lyre*.

The *gawdiest Painting* takes the *Vulgar* sight,
Whilst artfull Pieces less *Delight*.

In vain is *Nature* Represented *Well*,
If't it be not *Gay*, 'twill never *Sell*.

Hark

Hark in your Ear ('Tis a strange Mystery,
But a grand *Truth*), if *Popular* you'd be,
Faith spare your Pains, and Write *Ex-tempore*.

The Ignorant.

A *N Ignorant* I am,
And Glory in the Name
I wot not what of yore
Rash *Furiase*'s did,
Nor what the dreaming *Sages* said:
I cannot run a List of Old *Rome*'s Triumphs ore.
'Twas *Knowledge* first to *Ruin* led us on,
For with this Mortal Itch possess'd
The happy Pair *Transgress*,
Needs must they *Know*, they *Knew* and were *Undone*!
And to this Hour our Mis'ries' sole Relief
Consists in *Ignorance*, of our *Grief*!

H

Then

Then plodding Mortal cease
 To boast your dear-bought Faculties ;
 For since with *Knowledge Sorrow* must encrease,
 Let such as on those Terms can Science prize,
 Improve in Science ; but for me,
 So I may *Ignorant* and *Happy* be,
 I'll ne'r Repine or look with envious Eyes,
 On the *Unhappy Learn'd*, and *Miserable Wife*.

The Beldam's Song.

Appear my *Kib-welkin*, dear Spirit appear
 In the Shape
 Of an Ape,

A Fire-spitting Dragon, or Clump-footed Bear.
Madge has whoopt me twice from her Ivy-bound Oak,
 And twice have I heard the dull *Night-Raven* croak.
 Let me stride thee my *Welkin*, and post it away

Ere

Ere the Moon
Reach her Noon.

For the *Night* is the Wey-ward Sister's *Day*.
Through the Air let us take our fantastical Round,
And sipp of the Dew
While 'tis *New*,

Ere the Honey-drops fall to the Ground.
But when we are mounted, and in our Career,
Make neither Hault nor Stay,
And to none give the Way,
Tho *Hecat* her self shou'd be rounding the Air.
For once I'll encounter,
And try to dismount her,

Pitch her Heels over Head (stead
To some Quagg-mire below, and Reign Queen in her
Bustle, bustle my *Kib*, and be sure ere we part,
Thou shalt Suck at the Dugg that is next to my Heart.

The Inconstant.

A Paraphrase on the XV. Epod of Horace.

PRecisely I remember All, 'twas Night,
 Calm Skye, and the full Moon shone bright,
 When first you Swore, that bleating Flocks shou'd
 (feed

With *Wolves*, nor other *Keepers* need;
 That boistrous Winds hush'd in Eternal sleep,
 Shou'd cease to Revel on the Deep;
 You Vow'd that *these*, and Prodigies more strange
 Shou'd fall e're your fixt Heart cou'd *change*.
 Yet (Woman-like) to your *new Fav'rite* now,
Unswear as oft as you did *Vow*!
 Ah! if I cou'd (and sure if *half* a man,
 Or somewhat *less* than half, I *can*)

Cou'd

Could I in just Resentment quit your Chain,
And with more caution chuse again ;
Nymph, you'd Repent my wrongs, when flying Fame
Shou'd publish to your grief and shame,
How your wrong'd Swain had found a *Nymph* more
And equal in her Charms to You. (True
But Treach'rous Rival, you that reap my Toils,
And Pride your self in my stoln spoils,
Shou'd Fates and Stars Adopt you for their own,
And show'r their richest Blessings down,
Nought shou'd secure you from the sure *Præfage*
Of an Offended *Poet's* Rage.
The time shall come (and to inhance your fear,
Know, Wretch, that fatal time is near)
When you shall perish by th' *Inconstancy*
Of *Her* that first learnt breach of Faith from thee ;
Whilst from the safe shore your *sad wreck* I see.

Of the Ape and the Fox.

A Paraphrase on one of the Centum Fabulæ.

TO his four-footed Subjects through the Nation,
 The King of Brutes thus issues Proclamation,
 Being well-informed we have incurr'd Disgrace
 By Harb'ring in our Realm a scandalous Race,
 A sect that have *No Tails*; These Presents are
 T'enjoyn such Miscreants, All and singular,
 Strait to depart our Land, or on Demurr,
 Our Laws Grand-Treason Penalties incurr.
 Sly *Reynard* strait sifts out this state Design,
 Turns Goods and Chattels All to ready Coyn.
 The unprojecting Neighbour-hood Admire,
 And Flock, th' Occasion of his March t'Enquire.
 Where 'mongst the Rest the ceremonious *Ape*
 Accosts him with *Grimace* and formall *Scrape*.

Bon jour Monsieur ! You pass for a prime Witt ;
But in this Project give small Proof of it.

We of the *Cur-tailed Tripe* b'express Command
Of our great *Cham* prepare to quitt the Land ;
But why Sir shou'd you Budge, Whose Posterns bear,
A swashing Train well furr'd to guard your Rear ?
Had Nature lent me but an Inch of Dock,
A Tuft to shade, or scutt to grace my Nock,
I shou'd Presume I had no Obligation
From the late Act to take this Peregrination.

Then thus the *Fox*——You've spoke an Oracle,
Doubtless your Gravity reads *Machiavill*.
I must Confess I've no pretence to rail,
Or Curse my stars for stinting me in Tail ;
But grant my Train might with a *Commet's* measure,
suppose withall that 'twere his Highness Pleasure
To say I've None : which if he once Assert,
Nere doubt but he has Sycophants will swear't ;
Thus charg'd, shou'd I attempt my own Defence,
(To give his Lawless Tyranny Pretence)

'Tis Odds but I am Dockt upon the Spott,
And then for want of Tail poor *Reynard* goes to Pot.

The Round.

HOW Vain a Thing is Man whom Toyes Delight,
And shadows Fright !

Variety of Impertinence
Might give our Dotage some Pretence ;
But to a Circle bound,
We Toil in a dull *Round* :
We sitt, move, Eat and Drink,
We Dress, Undress, Discourse and Think
By the same Passions hurri'd on,
Imposing or Impos'd upon :
We pass the time in Sport or Toil,
We Plow the Seas or Safer Soil :
Thus all that we Project and Do,
We did it many a year agoe.

We

VVe Travel still a beaten way,
 And yet how eager rise we to pursue
 Th'affairs of each returning day,
 As if its Entertainments were *Surprizing* All and New.

The Male-Content.

Mongst winding Rocks (his swelling griefs t'allay)
 The disappointed *Thirsis* took his way.
 In the Wild Clifts a natu'ral Vault he found
 With woven Ivey Cheaply deckt around.
 He rusht into the Solitary Nook,
 Where into these Pathetick Sounds he broke.

Oh when will Nature take the life she gave,
 And Lodge me free from Trouble in the Grave!
 Sleep there alone deserves the Name of *Rest*,
 No frightfull Dreams the sleep of Death infest.
 Whilst shrouded in this marble Cell I Lye,
 What can be more Commodious than to Dye?
 Each Object Here wears such a mournfull Face,
 That *Dying* seems the Business of the Place!

Here

Here from the wrangling VWorld I will Retire,
 And as I Liv'd Unknown, Unknown Expire.
 Then let that hanging Rock that shades my Head
 Sink down, and shutt this Vault when I am Dead:
 Rude as it is, this Marble Cell wou'd save
 Th'expensive Rites that formall Burialls crave,
 It self my Coffin, Monument and Grave.

The Dream.

Beneath the Syc'more shade,
Aminas sat to sing and Play
 On his shrill pipe i'th'Heav'n's Day;
 His *Amarill* beside him laid:
 Charm'd with the Musick of his Reed,
 The listning Ewes forgot to Feed,
 The sportive Lambs gave ore their Play,
 And to their Master's Song attentive lay,
 The Song as Soft and Innocent as *They*!

Mean

Mean while on the pleas'd *Amarill*

A downy slumber fell,

'Till with a Sigh and Suddain start

She 'woke and Cry'd—Heav'n save my Swain!

Are you not hurt? — I will provide a Dart,

And if the Bruit approach again,

I'll drench it in the Savage Monster's Heart.

What means (*Amintas* smiling said) This Rage?

I dreamt (said she) a ruthfull Bear

Had broke into our Fold, and slaughter'd there;

And whilst you rant' Engage

(Ah! why were you so Rash?) th' unequall Foe,

The Rav'nous Monster seiz'd on You!

Then to your Rescue I came in

And cast my self between,

But with the motion Waking, found the Dream Untrue.

Amor Sepulchralis.

I N a Large stately Cave (of old the Court
Of Rurall Gods as neighbring Swains report)
Inter'd the dear Remains of *Damon* lay,
Converted now to their *Originall* clay.
Each wishing Nymph the living Swain approv'd,
The shepherd fair *Emmoria* only Lov'd.
Their mutuall Passion's *Kindling Flame* was more
Then ere Inspir'd Consenting Hearts before ;
But was with time Improv'd to that Degree,
That now 'twas *Love* no more, but *Extasie*.
Their linkt Affections Fate cou'd not divorce,
Nor Rig'rous Death restrain their Entercourse:
The Nymph to living Swains did still preferr
Her *Damon's* Dust, and ev'n that *Dust* Lov'd Her,
At *Damon's* Tomb the Chast *Emmoria* kept
Perpetual VVatch, and ore his Ashes wept ;

(Fit

(Fitt emblem of her grief) a sprigg of *Yew*
 she planted there, the Branch took Root and grew.
 This Cave to the *Suns Rays* Access deny'd,
 No Rain or Dew the thirsting Plant Supply'd,
 Yet still it sprang, by *Love's* Miracu'lous Pow'r,
 For th' *Asbes* still Glow'd with their *Old Amour*
Emmeria's Eyes wept a *nerc-Ceasing Shower*;
 This *Heat* and *Moysure* kept the Plant Alive,
 And Tempring still *each other*, made it *Thrive*.

*The three First Verses of the 46th
 Psalm Paraphras'd.*

I.

O Ur Strength, is the Omnipotent;
 We cannot therefore condescend to Fear,
 Tho danger in its gastliest shape appear;
 Tho Mountains from their marble Roots were rent,
 And head-long to the Ocean hurld,

Their

Their Violent Career might shake *the World*;
But our fixt Feet shou'd keep their Ground;
No Tremour in our Breast be found;
Our rais'd Heads shou'd o're-look the Floods, where
Hills lay Drown'd.

I I.

What tho the *Sea*, whose most capacious Womb
Gave the Subverted Hills a Tomb?
What tho it's raging Waters roar,
And swell in Mountains vast as those
Which the profound Gulf gorg'd before?
This most impertinently angry Main,
With its own Rocks fierce contest may maintain,
But can no more our Passions discompose,
Than when on a Serene and shiny day,
Some shallow *Riv'let* we survey,
Contesting with each *Pibble* for its *Interrupted way.*

The

The Mid-Night Thought.

NOW that the twinkling stars Essay
A Faint Resemblance of the Day,
Shewn fairer now for being beset
With Night (like *Diamonds* in jets)
Let me Repos'd within this Grove,
The Solemn season There Improve.
Restless alas! from Sun to Sun,
A Round of Business I have run:
Whilst others slept projecting Lay,
Yet since I THOUGHT how many a day!
How long since I did meditate
Of Life, of Death, and Future state:
Approaching Fate his Pace will keep,
Let Mortalls Watch, or let them Sleep.
What Sound is That?—a Passing Bell!
Then to Eternity Farewell!

Poor

Poor *Soul*, Thou'rt at thy *Crisis* now,
 And one short Hour thy Doom shall show,
 Eternall Bliss, or endless Woe !
 If *Virtue's* Lore Thou hast despiz'd,
 How Wou'd That *Virtue* now be priz'd !
 Or say, Thou didst in our Loose Age,
 On her forsaken Side Engage,
 Wouldst Thou the dear Remembrance now,
 For the Worlds Monarchie Forgoe ?
 What other *Medicine* canst Thou find
 T'aswage the Feavour in thy mind ?
 Now Wakened Conscience speaks at Large,
 And envious Fiends inbance the Charge !
 Let the bold Atheist now draw neer,
 Thy chill and drooping spirits to cheer,
 His Briskest *Wine* and *Witt* to Thee
 Will now alike *Insipid* be !
 VVhere is the Lawless Hectring *Brave*
 That from th' *Arrest* of *Death* can save ?
 VVh' Attempt a *Rescue* Here, will fail,
 And this grim Serjeant takes no *Bail*.

The

The Counter-Turn.

O Bserve that Pile of skulls, but chiefly There
 That mossye skull Survey:
 Do's the sage Front display
 Plots, Projects, and nocturall Care?
 Merhinks it shou'd, for once it did belong
 T'a Machiavilian that cou'd Shock a State,
 And trusted He cou'd Baffle Fate. (Throng
 Who wou'd have sought that Head-piece in this
 The plotting Wight promis'd that skull a Crown,
 In Lowest Earth He founded the Design,
 With Heav'n the Roof did join;
 'Till with a suddain shock of Fate O're-thrown,
 The Fabrick fell on the Contrivers Head,
 And crusht th'aspiring Politician *Dead.*

The Voyagers.

WHilst Stemming *Life's* uncertain Tide,
 Tost on the Waves of *Doubts* and *Fears*,
 If to frail *Reason's* Conduct we Confide
 VVe strive in vain
 The happy Port to gain,
 For oft as *Clouded Reason* disappears
 VVe cannot fail to Rove afarr
 Mistaking each false *Meteor* for our *Starr*.
 How dismall are the Perills we engage
 VWhen (grown t'a Hurricane)
 Our boist'rous *Passions* Rouze the sleeping Main:
 But ah! how Few have perisht by the Rage
 Of Storms, if numbred with the dayly Throng
 VVhom *Syren Pleasures* as they sail along
 Seduce to the dead shore,
 VWhere They saw others wreckt before,

Yet

Yet still pursue though certain to be Lost;
 For if from their cleft Boat they climb the Coast
 They fall into the treach'rous *Syrens* Pow'r
 VVho *Entertain* them first, and then *Devour*.

The Choice.

GRant me indulgent Heav'n a rurall Seat,
 Rather *Contemptible* than *Great*.
 VVhere, though I Taste Life's Sweets, still I may be
 Achirft for *Immortalitie*.
 I wou'd have *Business*, but exempt from *Strife*;
 A *Private*, but an *Active* Life.
 A Conscience bold and punctuall to his Charge;
 My Stock of *Health* or *Patience* Large.
 Some *Books* I'd have, and some *Acquaintance* too,
 But very *Good*, and very *Few*.
 Then (if one Mortall Two such Grants may Crave)
 From *Silent* Life I'd *Steal* into my Grave.

*On Sight of some Martyr's
Sepulchres.*

Here lies Dust Confus'dly hurl'd,
But *Dust* that once shall judge the *World*!
Blest Saints, when the quick Flames Enlarg'd
Your Souls, and from dull Flesh discharg'd,
Th'Ambitious Fires strove to Convey
Your Spirits on their tryumphant VVay,
But wing'd with Glory They Aspire,
And left the Flames behind them *Tir'd*.

Of

Of the Few Adherers to Virtue.

THat *Virtue* Points our VVay to Happiness,
Ev'n the Profane in Cooler Moods Confess:
But 'Cause the Brave and generous are *Few*,
Thin Trains this Guid to Happiness pursue.
VVho 'Vouch her Cause, must 'bett a *suffring* side
Expos'd to all the Out-Rages of Pride.
She's *Exil'd* now, and 'tis not strange to see
Mean Souls desert *afflicted* Majesty:
But when just Heav'n (and sure that Time draws on)
Restores this Empress to her Starry Throne,
VVith Crowns She will enrich her *Loyall Few*.
VVhilst Shame and Vengeance Crush the Rebel Crew.

The Requital.

Vile Infidel, that dar'st for Vice declaim,
 And take vain pride to Publish thy own shame!
 What can thy Patron *Vice* enough Confer
 On his officious zealous *Orator*?
 Hee'll doubtless give his wonted Recompense,
 And, *Rot the Tongue* that Pleads in his Defence.

To a Desponding Friend.

R Epine not, pensive Friend, to meet
 A *Thorn* and *Sting* in ev'ry *Sweet*;
 Think it not yours or my hard Fate,
 But the fixt Lot of Humane State.
 Since then this Portion is Assign'd,
 By the great Patron of Mankind,
 (Though nere so darkly Understood)
 We shou'd presume the Method *Good*. Heav'n

Heav'n do's its tenderest Care express
 Conducting through a *Wilderness*,
 Lest Sluggards we shou'd Take our Stand
 And stop short of the *Promis'd Land*.

*Diffusion of an Aged Friend from
 Leaving his Retirement.*

IN Life's unactive Wane your shades forsake,
 And into th'World a Sally make:
 Deluded Friend, what Surfeit have you tane
 Of Bliss, that now you long for Pain?
 The Favourites of th'austere World are Few,
 Yet *They* have their disasters too.
 What therefore must your Entertainment be
 That have profess *Hostility*?
 You have not learnt to Flatter and Caress
 The *Great*, for faithless *Promises*;
 When *Disappointed*, *Thankfull* to Appear,
 And say, *How much Oblig'd you are!*

For Lucre you must Practise every Wile,
 Defraud, and do it with a *Smile*.
 Worldlings with many *Vices* must be fraught,
 Which you my Friend were never *Taught*.
 Well, you may Roam, but soon Return distressed,
 Wounded and Maim'd to your *Old Nest*.

Recovering from a Fit of Sickness.

I.

When late the tyrannous Malady
 With intermitted Rage
 Seem'd to presage,
 Or suddain Health or Dissolution nigh,
 False World (said I) that steal'st my reall Joyes
 Shuffling in stead thy changeling Toys:
 Begone! I'll not be brib'd at any Rate
 To sell m'approaching Fate,
 And Re-assume that Toilsome Task to Live:

I prize

I prize not Grandieur, and I know
 (Were I thy Favourite as I'm thy Foe)
 What I affect, thou never canst bestow:
 I'd have Content, but *That* was never Thine to give.

Remove that Taper from my sight,

Th' impertinent Light

Presents no gratefull Object to my View;
 Ev'n those *Fair Eyes* that Planets once appear'd,
 (The only Planets I rever'd)

To my dim sight, seem now to have Lost their Lustre too

II.

Thus Musing as I Lay, to my Bedside
 (Attir'd in all his Mourning Pride)

The King of Terrours came;

Awfull his Looks, but not deformed and Grim;

He's no such *Bug-bear* as we feign of Him,

Scarce we our selves so Civiliz'd and Tame!

Unknown the Doom assign'd me in this Change

For full Crimes and imperfect Penitence,

(Though justly I might dread the Strickt Revenge

Of an Enrag'd Omnipotence)

Yet

Yet with my present Grievs distress,
 With curious Thoughts of unknown Worlds possess
 Inflam'd with Thirst of Liberty,
 Long Lov'd, but nere Enjoy'd by me,
 If I shou'd for Leave the fatal! Gulf to Pass:
 My Vitall Sand is almost run,
 And Death (said I) will strike anon,
 Then to dull Life I bid along Farewell;
 But as the last grains fell,
 Death faild my credulous Hopes, and Turn'd the Glass.

The Challenge.

YE Sages that pretend
 In Science to Transcend
 The dull illit'rate Crowd,
 You that of Ignorance impeach,
 (Ere your Pretences be allow'd)
 Define that *Prudence* which you Teach;

I fear

I fear 'tis much above your Learning's Reach.
 Prudence has no fixt Being, but depends
 On Person, Time, and Chance,
 And every petty Circumstance :
 Actions directed to the Self-same ends,
 May prudent th'one, the other peccant be ;
 For what would prove *Discreet* in *Thee*
 Perhaps were wild Extravagance in *Me*.
 The *Ants* are *Wise*, that from their Summer Hoard
 Supply their Winter Board ;
 And doubtless full as wise as They
 The *Grashoppers* that Play
 And Revell all their Harvest Days away ;
 For 'twere in Them a Senseless Drudgery
 To Toil for a Supply
 In Winter's Dearth, that must ere Winter, *Die*.

The Cure.

A Dialogue.

Claius and Coridon.

Claims

Come *Coridon*, Sit by me gentle Swain ;
Thy Cheek is pale : Speak Shepherd, where's
Cor. thy Pain ?

Say, *Claius* Priest of our great *Pan* (for you
Of Humane Science th'utmost Limits know)
Is Physicks pow'r to th'Bodies use confin'd,
Have you no Medicine for a troubled Mind?

Clai.

Yes, for as Balsoms raging Pains appease
Sage Councells to distemper'd Souls give ease,
Ev'n *Love* is no *incurable* Disease.
Ha Swain! What meant that Suddain blush and start?
Have I guess right, and toucht the tender Part? *Cor.*

Cor.

I won'd Conceal't, but have not learnt to Feign——
 You've guest, and while you Nam'd it, *Wakt* my Pain.

Clai.

T'effect the Cure we'll take the Safest course,
 And Trace the Malady to its first Source :
 Say then, what Female Gims and Baits were laid ;
 Or was your fond Soul by its self betray'd ?

Cor.

When from *Severer Ensnarers* I withdrew,
 Twixt Love and Me a fatall Friendship grew :
 Such was my Ignorance and his Craft, my Brest
 Admitted the Impostor for its Guest ;
 With my Hearts Blood our Covenant we seal'd,
 A Solemn Contract nere to be repeal'd :
 Then all Delights young Sorcerers Enjoy,
 A While did my deluded Soul employ,
 Love fed my waking Thoughts with glorious Theams,
 And blest my slumbers with transporting Dreams.
 When at an awfull Distance I survey'd
 My *Nymph*, Transported, to my self I said, Ah

Ah Charming Fair ! Oh Excellence Divine !
 Whilst *Love* wou'd Whispering Answer——*Swaine*
Clai. (She's Thine.

Thus, Whilst from far our high-plac't Hopes appear,
 (The Gulfs between Conceal'd) we deem them Near.
Cori.

Yet boldly through all Obstacles I prest.
Clai.

Why therefore Shepherd are you not possess'd ?
Cori.

Force not th'Unwilling secret from my Brest,
 There let it Lurk in sympathizing Night,
 And never roam from its dark Cell to *Fright*.
 Let it suffice that on a Barren Soil
 I've Lost of many years th'Expence and Toil.
Clai.

Do's the false Nymph——
 The VVages you so dearly Earn'd refuse ?

Cori.

Cori.

My self I cannot, will not her Accuse.
 But my Relief must from your Concell's Rise:
Examine not good *Claims*, but *Advise*;
 Bring your best Art (for 'twill your best require)
 T'unsPELL my soul from *Love's* tormenting Fire.

Clai.

Call *Reason* to your Aid, you'l put to flight
 The Foe not to be quell'd by other Might.
 Of happiest *Love's* Delights Sum up th'Account,
 And Learn to what the Totall will amount;
 Then in the Ballance *Love's Vexations* Weigh,
 How certain These, and how uncertain They.
 Sordid his joyes, and of delight so nice,
 That Female *Coyne's* only gives them Price.
 Short-liv'd the warmest Amorist's Desires,
 At Kindling *Hymen's*, oft *Love's Torch* expires.
 There are that from *Large Dow'rs* derive their Flame
 And These in full Career pursue their Game;
 They wreck their Wits, the *Golden Prize* to gain,
 But dream not how that *Gold* is wrought into a *Chain*.

Cori.

Cor.

When late Love's false suggestions I Obey'd,
 'Twas in Pursuit of Happiness I stray'd.
 My credulous Youth had seen no brighter Flame,
 And Straight Concluded that from *Heaven* it came.
 In Error's Night Love's Fire shone bright and gay,
 But at th'approach of Reasons conqu'ring Ray
 The Meteor's lost in the full Blaze of Day.

Clai.

Mistake not Swain, I wou'd not Quench your Flame,
 But slip your Passion at a Nobler Game.
 Wave Sensual joys, and with a Flame refine
 Court those Diviner Pleasures of the Mind.
 To sacred *Virtue* next make your Address;
 Confess you've no Regard of Happiness,
 Or Live henceforth of *Virtue's* service proud,
 The brightest Beauty and the best endow'd.
 She'll guard your Youth from Passions banefull Rage,
 With peacefull Thoughts divert the Pains of Age.
 But then in Largest Streams her Blessings Flow,
 When *Love* grown *Bankrupt* can no more bestow.

When

When rig'rous Death shall check your Circling Blood;
 And Life die stifled in the *Frozen Flood*,
 Your pensive *Nymph* at large may tell her Grief,
 But to your ravisht Soul give no Relief;
 'Twill lurk a pensive Ghost in Caves all day,
 And to it's Reliques Mid-night Visits pay.
 But pious Souls by Death are Gainers made,
 By Virtue to th'*Elysian* Seats convey'd;
 There Mirth and Peace, and softest Transports reign,
 Delights refine from all Allays of Pain;
 The Gratefull Soil untill'd her Harvest yields;
 Unclouded Skies and ever-verdant Fields.
 There Emulation no Dissention gives,
 For Happy Each in others Blissess Lives.
 No Cares o'th'Future their free Thoughts Employ,
 The *Business* of the Place is to Enjoy.
 That Swain is most Industrious held that best
 Improves his Bliss, exceeds in Joyes the Rest.
 If *Love* can Bless beyond these Heights, Return
 To dragg his *Chain*, and in his *Favour* Burn;

K

Take

Take Leave of blifsfull Immortalitie,
 Chide my impert'nent Zeal to set you Free,
 And Court the Frowns of some imperious *She*,

Cor.

Destroy not thus your gen'rous Courtesies
 By an unfriendly and unjust Surmize ;
 Heav'n sends me *Freedom*, and to sell the Pledge,
 Must Brand me with the foulest Sacrilege.
 'Gainst *Love* and *Beauty* I'll maintain the Fort
 And fix a *Guard* of *Virtues* in my *Heart*.

Clai.

If Beauty's Force too rashly you despise,
 'Tis Odds but you are ruin'd by Surprise :
 Wou'd you live free from Female Tyranny ;
 Nere Parly with the Tempting Sex, but Fly.
 Their very *Tears* are Fewell to Desire,
 And with their *Sighs* They'l Fan th'expiring Fire.
 Their Mirth and Grief, their kindness and Disdain,
 Are fatall *All*, and Work Poor Shepherds Pain !

Nature

*Nature and Art Conspire to Arm the Fair ;
For in the Charming, All things Charming are ;
Their Glances Darts, and ev'ry Curl a Snare.*

The Hurricane.

WHat cheer my Mates? Luff ho !—We Toil in Vain!
That Nothern Mist forebodes a Hurricane.
See how th'expecting Ocean Raves,
The Billows Roar before the Fray,
Untimely Night devours the Day,
I'th' Dead Eclypse we Nought descry
But Lightnings Wild Capriches in the Skie,
And Scalye Monsters sparkling through the Waves.
Ply ! Each a Hand, and furl your Sails.
Port, Hard a'Port——The Tackle fails.
Sound ho !——Five Fathom and the most.
A Dangerous Shelf ! sh'as struck, and we are Lost.
Speak in the Hold——She Leaks amain——Give ore ;
The Crazy Boat can Work no more.

Where I this rurall Bliss had never known;
 My Cottage might have been a Throne,
 My Crook a Scepter, and my Wreath a Crown:
 Some Tyrant - Prince I might have been,
 (By your Indulgence now a peacefull Swain)
 My Chloris some proud Cruel Queen,
 The tendrest Nymph of the Arcadian Plain.
 When for these Blessings I forget t' invoke
 Your Powers, neglect to make your Altars smoke;
 Then Ravisht let me be
 From this Secure Retreat,
 And plac't aloft on Grandieur's Seat,
 An open Mark to the sure Darts of envious Destinies.

FINIS.